

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

Written, edited and published every week by and for the soldiers of the A.E.F.

Entered as second class matter at United States Army Post Office, Paris, France.

Advertising Director for the United States Army Post Office, Paris, France. Telephone: 32 Rue Taitout, Paris, France. Telephone: Gutenberg, 12-95.

Fifty centimes a copy. No subscriptions taken. Advertising rates on application.

THE STARS AND STRIPES, G-2-D, A.E.F., 32 Rue Taitout, Paris, France. Telephone: Gutenberg, 12-95.

FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1919.

THE CLAIMANTS

The popular debate on the burning question of who won the war has been drowned out of late by the more furious inter-divisional arguments as to who took Rouge-sur-Noir or who stormed Bloody Hill. Most of these disputants blandly ignore the fact that whenever an enemy citadel is taken it is not merely the division making the frontal attack which effects the capture. Among the captors must also be included the troops who, by forging ahead on either side, are helping to squeeze the enemy out. It is a corps job. This, of course, is the A B C of military tactics, but the more audible claimants within the various divisions seem to have forgotten it by this time.

For instance, Montfaucon, that German stronghold the resistance of which was holding back our entire line when darkness fell at the end of the first day in the Argonne, was eventually overrun by troops of the 79th Division. That division, therefore, is entitled to write that fact big in the pages of its history. But it certainly is not entitled to deny a share of the credit for the capture to the 4th and 37th Divisions, which, by pressing ahead on either side, rendered aid without which the 79th, or any other division, could not have taken the hill at all. It has, however, a perfect right to laugh sarcastically when, as happened recently, a literarily inclined officer of one of the 37th's regiments let the home folks back in Ohio in on the previously well-guarded secret that the 37th Division alone took Montfaucon.

So it goes. Capt. Frederick S. Green, of an Engineer outfit, is quoted in the Buffalo News as having written this:

"No matter what other claims are made, the 77th Division alone drove the Boches out of the Argonne Forest."

This is the sheerest moonshine and must considerably annoy the wise heads in a division whose magnificent record in the Argonne battle needs no such false embellishments. Captain Green can, if he wishes, say that the 77th Division was the only division which fought within the confines of the forest itself. That is approximately true, although the 28th and 82nd Divisions also gouged into its eastern edge. But while it is true, it is of no importance whatever. For the captain cannot say that his division alone drove the Boches out. The Boches were driven from the forest by a far-reaching battle, wherein the 77th fought through the forest proper and other divisions, assigned to the squeezing-out process, were, on either side, engaged in a far larger operation, every blow of which tended to weaken the German grip on the forest itself.

"He also says," the Buffalo Journal rambles on, "that the 77th Division retook more territory, guns and other supplies than any other division in the American Army which was fighting in France."

Well, well! What can you say about that? And what can you say when the American Army Gazette, of Washington, D. C., quotes a letter which puts one Maj. Arthur T. Wallace in the unenviable position of writing home as follows:

"When I say the American Army whipped the Boche, I mean it, regardless of what any of our Allies may think of that statement."

Why, Major!

SAM BROWN & CO.

Pvt. Sam Brown, of the 146th Infantry, stirred up his old home town of Tiffin, Ohio, considerably by writing from France that he had fallen into a stone crusher and lost a leg, an arm, one ear, an eye and all his teeth, while his face was so badly scarred his friends would never recognize him.

About the time the Central Records Office might have been working overtime trying to furnish further details of this casualty, a later and more authentic report received in Ohio explained that the only disfigurement Pvt. Sam Brown had suffered in France was a small black mustache.

The A.E.F. seems to have declared an open season on kidding the home-town newspapers. Probably no particular harm was done in the case of Pvt. Sam Brown's own little joke, as it was commented that Sam was always known to be quite a kiddier. But not all these stories are without a kick-back. The A.E.F.'s first Enoch Arden has just been reported from some town in Pennsylvania, where a soldier, reported dead in letters, returned to find his wife married to another.

Every hoax has in it the germ of a tragedy.

BALLOTS AND BULLETS

"They have not . . . observed the temper of those splendid boys in khaki that they sent across the seas," said President Wilson, speaking of the men who had misunderstood the meaning of the League of Nations. Then the President went on to say that these boys had come 3,000 miles to show Europe that the United States would go anywhere when the rights of mankind were threatened.

The "temper" of the splendid boys is worth considering. If it holds it is going to hit the politician with a bang on next election day. Two million men striking for liberty and democracy, as the President has declared they struck, and suffering, and perhaps even thinking about it, will hardly put off their zeal when they change the O.D. issue for cita.

They have had a chance to study aristocracy at bayonet length. They have had some excellent examples of bureaucracy

within speaking distance. They can smell through a gas mask.

Meanwhile, the people of the city of Chicago, with an electorate not a little changed by the influx of labor during the war, re-elected for mayor William Hale Thompson.

As to the merits of the other candidates the A.E.F. knows little. They are not acquainted with the mayor's record on local issues. But this they do know: That the name of Thompson was synonymous with obstructive pacifism while they were fighting; that the name of Thompson was synonymous with pro-Germanism when their comrades were dying to abolish a pro-German world.

There is, of course, no assurance that the election would have gone the other way if the Illinois men in France had been home to vote, but one thing is certain: If these men and the rest of the "splendid boys" are going to live up to the record that their Commander-in-Chief has written for them into some of the greatest documents of history, and if they are half as apt with the ballot as they were with the gun-butt and the breech-block, home-grown enemies of democracy will ride to a long, hard fall.

SPEAKING OF SCHOOLS

The ancient custom of setting a trap for the non-salutary and impressing their sin upon them by putting them through a long, public and memorable drill is an extraordinarily effective device. It has a striking effect on the all-important outward deportment of the soldier, however disastrous its effect on his spirits and his immortal soul.

It is unfortunate that any scheme so ingenious and productive should have even minor drawbacks. It is probable that the officer employed as decoy, if he has any sense of the dignity of his rank, and was, prior to joining the Army, a gentleman, resents being used as a wooden duck. And it is certainly true that the salute, which originated as a formula of honor, should, for the moment, be degraded by this process to about the level of the Sing-Sing lock-step. All the great minds in the A.E.F. might well be bent on devising some way of eradicating these two weaknesses. However, every great boon to humanity must have its flaws and, in this instance, what really whole-hearted disciplinarian will deny that the good outweighs the bad?

However, here is one mild protest. In the belief that we should all share and share alike in "the Army, the Army, the democratic Army," in the belief that the enlisted man is not entitled to any benefit from which the officers are excluded, it is respectfully urged that the saluting schools should be opened to all ranks.

UNJUST SUSPICIONS

The innocent suffering for the guilty is nothing new under the sun, but one of the most unjust punishments ever meted out to an unoffending soldier is the suspicion that has been cast upon many members of the A.E.F. who are still in France while their outfits have gone home.

The news that veterans are being detached from their units and held overseas has been, apparently, widely circulated in the States, and so, when Johnny doesn't come marching home with his original outfit, the wise ones nod their heads and there sometimes are whisperings and more. Members of labor organizations were the first to feel the kick-back from across the seas because it was mentioned that veterans would be "detained for labor purposes."

But they didn't suffer alone. Their perturbation is shared by many men who are not going back with their original organizations because of nothing more serious than detached service, transfers and retention for duties from which they were too valuable to be spared at present.

Writes one victim of the circumstances who volunteered to remain in France when his division sailed:

After a long lapse I got my first letter tonight (from my soldier's wife) by which she wrote me inside the envelope stating the reason she had not written sooner and bidding me a fond farewell.

This is a regrettable and serious incident. For the benefit of all, it may be said that only an insignificant fraction of the men who don't go home with their units are detained in France because of venereal disease.

GAS!

Business as usual, and down with idealism.

The hideous specter of commercialism, which, we are assured, has been the ruin of American literature, American art, American drama, has now broken all bounds of delicacy and is attacking that most cherished of American institutions—the American gas mask, nothing less. The sentimental attack of the doughboy counts as nothing. Mustard tears must flow unchecked. It's the dollar sign über alles—or, rather, the 95 cents sign.

For, advertises Robert Cohen, of Galveston, Texas, he has now on sale 300 masks—absolutely genu-wine—cost the Government \$9 each—now 95 cents—going, going—should be in every home—world war relic—going, going—impervious to gas for 72 hours and to smoke for a lifetime—very handy article to have in the home in case of fire or escaping gas—bags attached make hardest tackle bags you ever saw—great opportunity for fishermen. Furthermore:

"They are the identical gas masks that figured so prominently in the battle of the Marne, at Belleau Wood, at Soissons, at St. Mihiel, and the Argonne Forest and other battles."

Some masks!
Some gas!

THE CANDY KIDS

Under the title of "Sweets to the Sweet" there was printed on this page some weeks ago a note from an indignant reader who asked why the commissary at Bourges sold candy only to officers. The answer, which has just come in via the Chief Quartermaster, A.E.F., shows that the sales at that station during the period from February 26 to March 10 were as follows:

	Officers.	Enlisted Men.
Chocolate bonbons, 1-lb. cans.	377	1,820
Chocolate bonbons, 1/4-lb. cans.	155	1,545
Chocolate bars	98	2,104

The Army's Poets

A TRANSPORT SAILS FOR FRANCE

Today my heart sets sail. This trembling heart That ne'er before has ventured far beyond The encircling walls of home and love, fares out Aghast, upon a waste of treacherous waves, Beneath whose created top of glittering white Lurks death, with cruel eyes and venomous fangs.

O heart of mine, be brave to know and bear All things which must be borne by his stout heart. His heart of steel, which once, short years ago, Beat close beneath thee, feeble, small and weak; And follow, follow on, by dark and day, Across the long leagues of that lonely sea, Until God willing, looms the shores of France Before his eager, waiting, boyish eyes.

So young to go—but steadfast, unafraid, Did I not teach him how to feel, how to laugh In all the world except to do a wrong? He cannot fear who fights for truth and right, And I must stay with him in steadfastness, Gliding my spirit to be brave as his.

Down every dark, rough road of march he treads, My soul shall walk beside. I shall be near, Feeling the cold wet dew of dawn that washes His sleeping, upturned face and soft, brown hair. I shall hear with him all the noise of war—The awful roaring of our rescuing guns, Answering the thunders of the enemy; See the sad, ravaged lands he goes to save, Their little children, homeless, poor and weak.

I shall sit by him when he rests, or plays A little, watching him at common tasks Which come to all, even there, like the soft lights Of morn against a weary night of war. And on a day when he does valiantly Some noble deed, as soldiers strive to do, Exit for him, who will not for himself.

Sick, wounded, lonely, dreaming of his home, Far-reaching love may make the dream seem true.

In prison—at that word my spirit quails—I cannot speak it, Lord, unmingled with A prayer to Thee, Who came on earth to save The sons of men, and lay, a little child, Upon Thy mother's breast. Be Thou a rock To shield him from the horrors of that hell, And hold me up, to stand until the end.

If he must fall that our great land may live, Heart, be thou strong to bear with him that day His battle agony of blood and death; Strong to die with him on his glorious field, And rise with him into a land of peace, A new land for his service and his love, Where death is but another name for life.

O Lord, the God of Battles, Who didst give To men immortal life and deathless love Of freedom, in Thy power and might alone My weak, home-keeping heart embarks today. A.E.F. SOLDIER'S MOTHER. (Forwarded by her son.)

"IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT"

If I should die tonight, And you should come to my cold corpse and give Me promise of a discharge if I'd live—

If I should die tonight, And you should tell me with a muffled groan That in your hands you had my orders home, I might arise and say:

"Don't kid me, big boy, don't kid me." HOWARD A. HENRY, Regt. Sgt. Maj., M.P.C.

MAISON DU SOLDAT

His bed is anywhere; Damp as the ground of Bois Marteau, Beneath the dripping branches bare, Or where the shells and gas clouds go.

His grave is anywhere; Up on the steep, black face of Sec, Or on the plains that lie below, Or as a sunken transport's deck.

An O.D. blanket clothes his sleep Or serves as scanty burial shroud, And the wind, like a mourner, wandering Over the dim hills, sobs aloud.

Living or dead, a soldier's home Is not in Picardy nor Ypres; It's a westward wind, a maid at eve Scatters white roses in a pool.

"One for his heart that aches for her, One for his soul that longs for me, And heart or soul one day will come, For here my soldier's home shall be." J. O. G. F.A.

KNOWING WHAT'S JAKE

It's funny—him not havin' gone Through months of roughin' it along A-sleepin' anywhere, 'nd so He's always asking for to know Why aren't there rooms in some hotel Instead of bunkin' here like hell.

Like hell—he says, 'nd I don't take To answer him 'nd say we're jake 'Nd sittin' pretty in the dry— 'Nd we a-goin' by and bye When he gets home, 'nd says: He'll know why this looks good to me.

There's lots o' birds as has it swell A-lookin' round 'nd livin' well At least sometimes 'nd never knowin' That other guys has rougher goin'; I've had a share-it ain't no fake— It's too bad he don't know what's jake. M. R.

FORWARD, MARCH

The early sun upon the hill Reminds me with the whippoorwill That spring is coming At eve the moon and stars may hear Sweet Robin's song for his lady's ear. The bluebird is humming, And yet our maidens fond and true Are many miles across the blue— Is man a patient waiter? The Joannes of France cast loving eyes And many a Jack, of Argonne, Will turn a bounding traitor.

As warmer rays melt winter's frost So wisdom's staying voice is heard: 'Tis Cupid's sweet endeavor; And casting care with winter's air Each Romeo his heart will swear To Juliet anywhere. How with the budding of the rose Now lovelier each lady grows! Then ponder and reflect it: What is an honest lad to do When spring sees two bright eyes and blue And what may be expected?

We whipped the base and scheming Hun And set at naught his evil cunning; But spring has got us bested; And many a lad—oh prank of Fate—Who fought the world to liberate Will find his heart arrested.

The moral of my song is: Oh Wilson, Baker, Pershing, Bliss, Your task is still gigantic; We fear not Kaiser, czar or king, But still your grave's a job 'n' spring When there's a free Atlantic! WALTER MORRIS, A.E.F.

THE WORLD'S HOLY GROUND

Ah, France, thy soil is holy soil, And old Judea's sacred soil, That saw the agony and toil Of Him who was both man and God, Hath now a kindred holy place, That too hath seen the Saviour's face.

When all the toll of war is done, Some maid like she of Orleans, In some old graveyard's quiet zone May see again again at evensong, A vision passing without sound, And halting at each cross-marked mound.

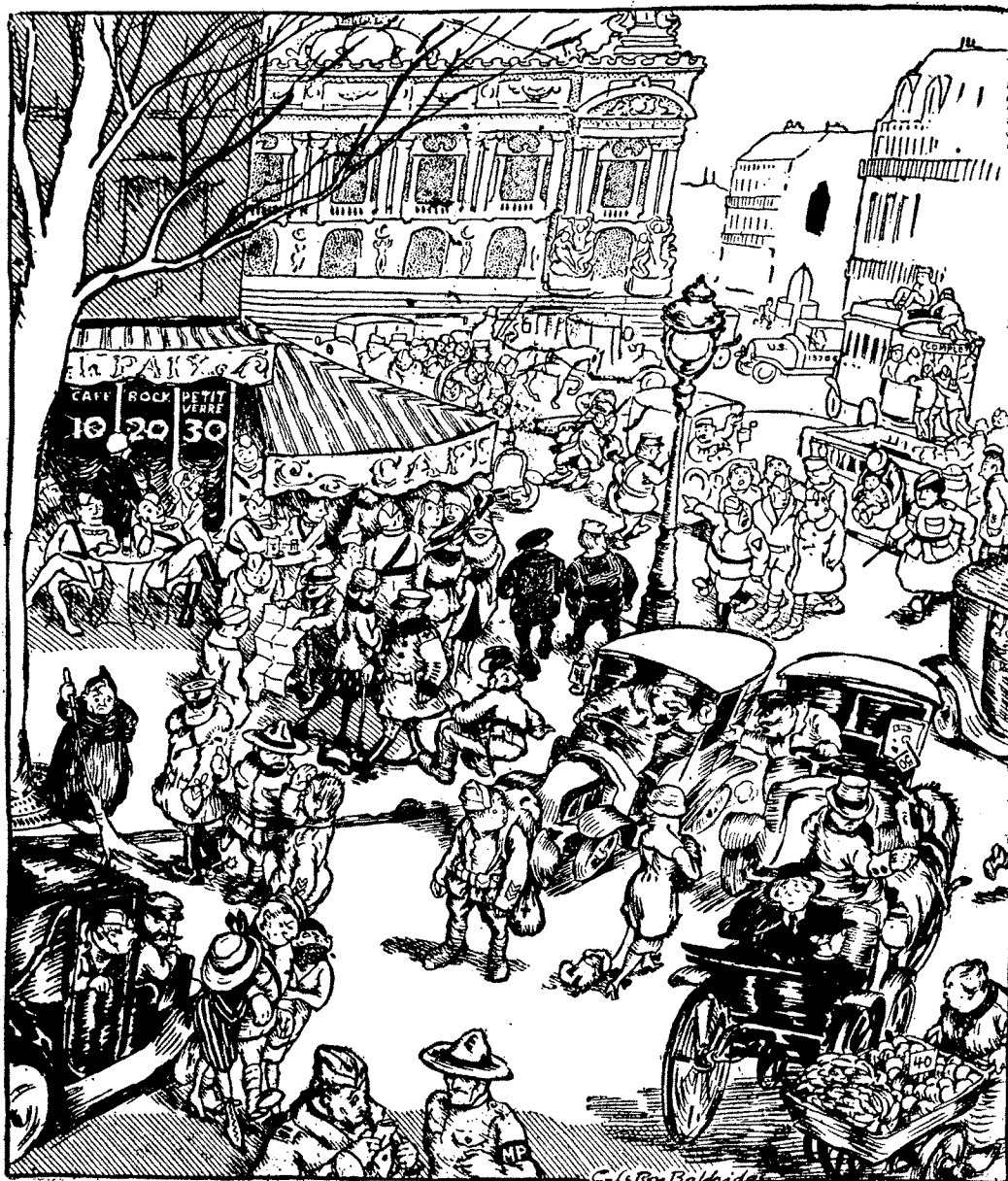
For where our new crusade was fought, And thousands made their sacrifice For greater love the Saviour taught—There, for all time, His blessing lies, And every rule, forgotten soon, Will be the world's "Holy Ground." JAMES EVEREDSON, Sgt., M.D.

GOODBYE, OLD PAL

Goodbye, old Pal, I've been to hell and back again; There's where you fell, in mud and blood, and rain. Sure, we won—you paid the bill; You saved my life, and that green hill; Goodbye, old Pal.

Goodbye, old Pal, We're stilling home, our job is done; But still your grave's a job against the Hun. Call us back; we'll make our stand Where you keep guard in No Man's Land. Goodbye, old Pal. SOLDIER.

SO THIS IS PARIS!



SIGHTSEEING

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Say, editor, where do you get that stuff you printed in your paper of March 7? Did you ever happen to know that the 11th Field Artillery was and is in the 6th Division? If at that time you wanted to change your job with mine (I only happen to be a truck driver) while this outfit was at the front, why, you sure could have had the chance, because I sure would rather push a pen than duck shells put over by the Boche on the Sedan front, as you put it.

In fact, I don't know about the division in general, but I do know about the 11th Field Artillery. This outfit only advanced 40 kilometers in 14 days. This is heavy artillery, man. Let that soak in. And at the time one of our batteries was only three kilometers from the German front-line trenches. Get this, now, man, I said three kilometers. If you don't believe that, you ought to have the information necessary to find out.

As far as sightseeing is concerned, yes, we had beaucoup. At the same time we had ours at the front, and made the squareheads duck any place we laid our shells over. From all I can see, that's all that was necessary in the war.

No hard feelings, editor; just wanted to let you know. That's all.

BILL RIEDINGER.

FLEEING THE SOLDIER

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Here is what an Expeditionary Force member writing home to his father had to say about the money-grabbing natives among whom the troops had to make their way for a time:

They fleece us pitilessly; the price of everything is exorbitant. In all the dealings that we have with them they treat us more like enemies than friends. Their cupidity is unequalled; money is their god; virtue, honor seem nothing to them compared to the precious metal. I do not mean that there are no estimable people whose character is equally noble and generous—there are many, but I speak of the nation in general. . . . Money is the prime mover of all their actions; they think only of means to gain it; each is for himself, and none is for the public good. The inhabitants along the coast, even the best Whigs, carry provisions of all kinds to the English fleet, which is anchored in Gironde's bay, and that because the English pay them well.

That last is puzzling, isn't it? You see, the letter was written back in 1782. The writer was a Frenchman, Comte de Ferson, an officer attached to the F.E.F., which was then helping the colonies of America fight their fight for independence. The "they" were the first Yanks.

ANTIQUARIAN.

OUI, MONSIEUR

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: In last week's issue of your valuable paper I noticed an article pertaining to "First-class trips to America for A.E.F. brides."

I am very much interested in a certain mademoiselle, and from the present looks of things I expect her to be my bride in the very near future.

There is a doubt in my mind, should I marry this said mademoiselle, owing to the fact that I am not a citizen of the U.S.A. I came to America seven years ago and took my first papers in 1915 and was entitled to my second papers in July, 1918, but was unable to do so on account of being in the Army. My intentions are to secure these papers as soon as I am returned to the States.

Will you kindly advise me should I marry this mademoiselle if she will be entitled to the transportation as per the article I am referring to?

Any information given me on this subject will be greatly appreciated.

A.E.F. MEMBER.

NEXT?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: More dog-tag poker. I wish to remain in on the pot opened by Coblenz and raise him on it. The two following hands are held by members of this command:

1505555
2888818

Of course, we are running the joker wild.

CYRIL L. TAYLOR, Opl. Co. C, 111th Fld. Sig. Bn.

HEADLINES OF A YEAR AGO

From THE STARS AND STRIPES of April 12, 1918.

U.S. ENGINEERS ARE ONCE AGAIN IN THICK OF IT—Tools Get Way to Rifles When German Offensive Begins—Yanks Ready in Crisis—"They Held On by Their Teeth Until Last Moment," Is British Officer's Praise.

A.E.F. MUST GROW LINGO OF ITS OWN—Men Have Already Taken Words From Tommy and Poilu—Infantry, Engineer, Redleg, Marine, Each Speaks Individual Language.

NO MORE PARCELS UNLESS SOLDIERS WRITE FOR THEM—Officers Must O.K. Men's Requests for Packages—Sweets and Sweets Will Have to Make Room for Flour and Fighters.

GERMAN ATTACKS FUTILE ATTEMPT TO SPLIT ARMIES—Single Leadership Remedies Defect of Which Hun Sought to Take Advantage—Caught in Right Place—Hun Exposed on Flank to Strength of French Armies.

THE S. O. L. GIRLS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

We read the article entitled, "The Last of the M.P.s," and as we happen to be in a memo chose, we can fully appreciate their position. Incidentally, we happen to be the nurses of Base Hospital No. 12, of Chicago. We arrived in France June 11, 1917, and we have three service stripes each. Perhaps they want us to have four, and while we appreciate their possible interest, yet we are quite satisfied with three.

Our officers and men sailed the 27th for the U.S., leaving us behind, and, you may take our word for it, we don't like being left. And, too, we are wondering why nurses who have had only six months' or one year's service should be sent on, while we wait—not patiently, if we must be honest—as we have been playing that waiting game for just three months.

We are wondering if there is any way in which you can give us any publicity. Some people tell us that we are lost, others that we are casual, and still others that we are supposed to have sailed.

Anything you can do for us will be greatly appreciated by the

NURSES OF BASE HOSPITAL NO. 12.

A BIG LEAGUER

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: The following is a little incident that happened here at Camp Hospital No. 85 which caused a little commotion. A short time ago a letter came to this address:

(Name).

2nd Lieut. Quartermaster Corps, Commanding, France, A.P.O. 701.

It was rather amusing to the boys to learn that the President of France, as well as General Pershing, had been reduced, to say nothing about all the other generals and colonels over here.

AN AMUSED BUNCH.

DON'T BE HASTY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Today I got a letter from home, enclosing another one that was sent over here in January and returned to the States because my old outfit has gone home already and finally returned to sender unclaimed. Across the face of it was stamped, "Discharged. No home address given."

Now, I want to know, can I put one of those cute little red chevrons on my left arm or is somebody just kidding me? Or what? Huh?

AN BUCK.

"BUTTON, BUTTON"

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I am expecting to get discharged over here, and I wonder if those cute little buttons will get across in time for me to sport one when I first breast the boulevards in my natty new civvie. I'd hate to be seen without that

ANXIOUS.

THIS SOUNDS LIKE MAIL

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Noticed the letter by Corporal McDonough in your issue of last week regarding some mail received by a friend of his. It is clearly another case of where "ignorance is bliss," and in order to enlighten Corporal McDonough, as well as others, as to what may be considered a record for mail received by one person in the A.E.F., I wish you would kindly publish the following:

The United States Government, in making purchases from French firms, endeavored at all times to have tools, garden implements and farm machinery made up in the American style. The officer in charge of a certain branch of this office found it extremely hard to convey a fitting description of this material to the French merchants. He hit upon the happy idea, however, of sending to the United States for catalogues from various large hardware, machinery and tool houses, requesting that copies of their latest catalogues be sent him, and stating the purpose for which they were to be used.

It was later discovered that each firm, believing itself the only one addressed, and to show its patriotism, had had the letters sent it printed in its local newspaper, and asked that other firms comply with the request made therein.

This was the starting point. Now as to the results. To further explain the staggering figures set forth, it must be remembered the 178,183 firms forwarded circulars and catalogues, not only from the United States, but also from Canada, England, and other parts of the world. Not only one was sent by each firm, but in a large number of cases as many as 20, one firm sending 200. During the first week after the catalogues started to arrive it was necessary to add ten men to the A.P.O. in Paris, and on the second week, 40 more were added to take care of them. The high mark was reached on the fourth week, when 500 extra men were engaged in the handling of this mail.

As the letters which accompanied the catalogues were not considered important, it was not necessary to read them, but as Army regulations state that a copy must be retained of all correspondence, the services of 2,000 men were secured to file them, a special building being rented for the purpose. As samples were also sent by practically every firm, a large warehouse was secured at St. Denis, where the samples were stored. They were later disposed of to the French merchants for 149,124 francs, which sum was turned over to the "Home for Discharged Second Lieutenants."

As for the catalogues themselves, another warehouse was rented to store them in. The warehouse was 400 feet long and 50 feet wide, and the catalogues were piled 15 feet high. As this warehouse rapidly filled up, two more of the same size were obtained. Fifty motor trucks were engaged for over a month in the hauling of both samples and catalogues to their destinations.

The loose-leaf folders were immediately sold to the French stationery firm for 273,183.73 francs. Information was obtained from the Engineers that 15 trains of 50 cars each (American cars of 40 tons capacity) were needed for the hauling of this material during the three weeks that records were kept. It would be safe to add at least five more